

T H E

160 7/5020.

ADVENTURES

O F

Half an Hour.

A

F A R C E.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES

With great A P P K A U S E.

By Mr. CHRISTOPHER BULLOCK.

D U B L I N:

Printed for GEORGE RISK, at the Corner of
Castle-Lane, in Dames-Street, near the Horse-Guard,
17 19. Where is to be had the Country Wake, the
Country House, the Contrivances, &c.



THE
Dramatis Personæ.

Captain Courtal, Mr. Ogden
Mr. Tagg, Mr. Pack.
Aminadab his Prentice, Mr. Bullock Jun.
Landlord, M. Hall.
2 Gentlemen,
3 Bullies
2 Gentlewomen.
Drawer, Mr. Frisby.
Mrs. Tagg, Mrs. Scoolding.



THE
Adventures
 OF
HALF an HOUR.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter Mr. Tagg, and Aminadab.

ARM, Arm! *Aminadab!* This Night the Fates have decreed that I should make my Name *Immortal*. Ask no Questions, but put on thy Head-piece, and prepare for Battle.

Amin. Nay, Master, if you take me along with you, a Back-piece will be of more Use, for that will be the only part I shall expose to the Enemy: But pray Sir, without jesting, who is it you are going to fight with, and what is the matter with you?

Tag. O *Aminadab!* *Aminadab!* such Matrimonial Contrivances! such things there be in Agitation against

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gainst *Timothy Tagg*, thy Master, that (adbolkins) I am aham'd to tell thee; wou'd'st thou think it? Thy Mistress, my wicked Wife, is yielding up the great Fort of her Honour, and planting Horns upon the Forehead of me her own Natural Husband.

Amin. No sure.

Tag. True, as I'm a Common-Council-Man; not a Magistrate within the Barrs will look more like a *Lincolnshire Ox*, than my self: I just now dogg'd her to a Tavern in *Fleet-Street*, which she no sooner enter'd but was met by a sawcy young Redcoat, who gave her a smack on the Lips, and a Squeeze by the Hand, then convey'd her up one pair of Stairs, where she and Five and Forty more, very good Wives are sending their Husbands to Heaven the old way, silve without considering where they are going themselves: Well I vow, and swear, these Soldiers do more mischief in that way, than all the younger Brothers about Town, not a Maiden-head within the Walls can scape 'em, and hardly a Husband in the whole City whose Pocket does not largely contribute to the carrying on the charitable Work of Cuckold-making.

Amin. Nay, Sir, if 'tis a Soldier she's in League, and with, 'tis Forty to one but you are dubb'd: You cant think what Charms are under a Red Coat and a Feather: Nay, Sir, wou'd you think it? I have known a Soldier make a Cuckold of an Alder-man.

Tag. But I am a young Man *Aminadab*, which makes me wonder why that Type of her Old Gran-dame *Eoe* should serve me thus. Well, I do wonder in my Heart, what makes Women so fond of Soldiers?

Amin. O, Master, a Captain is a taking Name with the Women.

Tag. Why I am a Captain of the Train-bands thou know'st, tho' not a fighting Captain.

Amin.



Amin. Ay Sir but the Women like a Captain of
 Courage.

Tag. Courage Gadsbud *Aminadab*, thou know'st I
 have as much Courage as any Officer in our Regiment,
 and tho' I say it, that thou'd not say it, I have as much
 Courage as any Officer that ever run away from a
 shower of Rain, and she knows it too: did I not
 last Training Day carry her to the Siege of Mons, in
 the Sunhillfields, where she was an Eye-witness of my
 valour, and saw me with an undaunted Resolution
 attack the Herowork, to the Admiration of all Spec-
 tators?

Amin. Yes Sir, you know I held your Cloak while
 you fought, by the same token, a Fellow stole your
 Silver-Hilted Sword from your side, and in the heat
 of the Action, the Wind blew your Hat and Feather
 off your Head in the Dirt, and set all the Mob a laugh-
 ing at you.

Tag. It did so, and thou may'st remember how I
 wheel'd off to the Right, and, with great expedition,
 pursu'd my Hat, to the Rear of my Company, which I
 had no sooner recover'd, but I march'd up to the Van,
 and with redoubled fury began the Attack, which at
 last I carry'd, with great difficulty, and no Bloodshed.

Amin. 'Tis very true, indeed, Sir.

Tag. Then tell me, *Aminadab*, did'st thou ever so
 much as observe me wink then when I let off my Gun?
 And you know, that every day Captain *Heartless*, of
 our Regiment, shut his Eyes when he presented his
 Musket, and fir'd full in the Face of an old Custard-
 ed Woman; and yet to be a Cuckold.

Amin. Is the common'st thing in the World Matter;
 besides, this may be but an innocent Frolick.

Tag. An innocent Frolick! Adsbodlikins, she has
 made me fit to chew the Cud with Oxen, climb the
 Mountains with wild Goats, and keep company with
 none but Ram-headed People.

Amin.

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Amin. Why really now Master methinks there is abundance of good Conversation in the City.

Tag. But I'll go now while my Blood is up, and do such Mischief that never any Cuckold in this World thought of before.

Amin. Hold, Master, hold, fare and soft goes far, this is a ticklish thing we are upon, therefore take a little of my Advice, for tho I am none of the wisest, I am pretty good at a lucky Thought: You know, Sir, my Mistress, like most Citizens young Wives, loves to shake her Tale at the squeek of a Fiddle, and is hugely given to Dancing,——

Tag. Ay, ay, too much——

Amin. Now you can play upon the Fiddle, and can I, therefore we will disguise our selves like Fiddlers and go to this Tavern, where they are, we shall certainly be call'd up to 'em, where you may observe all Passages, and as you find your Wrongs proceed in your Resentment.

Tag. Adsbodlikins, a very pritty Stratagem, and I'll immediatly put it in Execution,—— come along *Aminadab*, and assist thy Master; and now *Mrs. Tagg*, my pritty Wife, if I do find thee to be what I greatly suspect thou art, thou shalt dearly rue the making a Cuckold of a a Habbardasher of small Ware.

[Exit *Amin*]

SCENE changes to a Room in a Tavern, *Mr. Courtal*, two Gentlemen, *Mrs. Tagg*, and two Gentlewomen, at a Table Drinking.

Court. We are all very dull on the sudden, I believe, Ladies, you Were thinking of your Husband's bands.

Mrs. Tag. Wisly observ'd, Captain, for no other Subject could sooner charm a Woman to a melancholy Silence.

Court.

Court. Mrs. Tag. will you charm the Company with
Song. Mrs. Tag. Really, Sir, Nature has not qualify'd me

with a Voice to please any Body but my self; if
 they had any Musick I should be glad to entertain the
 Company with a Dance.

Court. Come, Sir, you are a good Singer we all
 know.

Mrs. Tag. And too complisant to our Sex, to deny
 any thing. *[He sings.]*

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, and Ladies, there is a couple of
 fiddlers below, desire to know if you please to have
 any Musick?

Court. By all means let 'em come up.

Draw. Here they be, Sir,

*Enter Mr. Tagg with a great Coat on, and a Patch
 on one Eye, and Aminadab, both as Fiddlers.*

Court. Now Mrs. Tagg, you must oblige us with
 a Dance, you have no excuse to debar us of that
 pleasure.

Mrs. Tag. I am always willing to contribute what
 I can to the Satisfaction of my Company, and wou'd
 more particularly oblige you, Captain.

Mr. Tag. So, theres a Word of Comfort already.

Mrs. Tag. Look here, is one a poor blind Old Fel-
 low. *[Turns him about.]*

Tag. Blind as I am, I can see the Fruits of your
 Industry upon my Brows.

Huf Court. He puts me in mind of your Husband, Ma-
 dam.

other *melan-*

Court.

Tag. Impudent Dog; not but his Observation is just, for Blindness is a Defect in most Husbands, and Matrimony is a sore Decayer of ones Eye-sight.

Mrs. Tag. Come play away. { Tag. and Aminadab plays and dances.
Court. Admirably perform'd }
upon my Word, Mrs. Tagg. {

Mrs. Tag. I am glad it pleases you.

Tag. Obliging Toad

Court. Ladies what think you of a Country Dance here's Three Couple of us?

Mrs. Tag. Oh, Captain, your proposals are always so agreeable what shall we have?

Court. Cuckolds all a-row, Madam.

Mrs. Tag. With all my Heart, Sir,—— you silly old Fellow, can you play Cuckolds all a row?

Tag. Yes Maddam,—— as well as you can Dance Whores all a-row.

Mrs. Tag. Or what think you of a Kissing Dance Captain?

Court. Better than any Madam.

Tag. Oh, Rampant Strumper! I have heard and seen enough, and that Bady-sear'd Red-coat has made a Whore of a wondrous honest Woman, and a Cuckold of one, for ought I know, might have been an Alderman—— I can suppress my Passion no longer—— thus ends the Comedy, and now begins the Tragedy.—— Have at thee, thou increaser of Parishes and Taxes

[Flings down his Fiddle, opens his Coat and presents a Blunderbuss. They disarm him.]

Court. Hold your murdering Hand, prithee do not be so furious, good Aminadab.

[Aminadab presents a Blunderbuss at Court. He disarms him.]

Tag. I am disarm'd, but I shall find another time

of Half an Hour.

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Court. What time will you find, — Oons you shant dare to think of another time, nor dare, do you mark me? 'Tis very pretty, faith, that your Wife can't take an innocent Frolick, but you, like a jealous pated Fool, must come to interrupt her Diversion — Fire and Sword, I'll not endure it, — here fill me a Bumper — come, Sir, take it, — Oons, take it, or —

Tag. Adsbodlikins, my Heart is in my Breeches; there's Magnanimity in his very Voice, — I dare not refuse it.

Court. That's well, come, Sir now drink your Love and Duty to your Wife, — how dare you scruple it? — Oons, drink it, and quickly too, or I'll open a Hole in your Wind-pipe with this —

[Draws his Sword.

Tag. Well, Sir, don't be in such a Passion, and I will — dear Heart, what a bloody Fellow this is! Well, Wife, since this honest Gentleman will have it so, here is — faith, I cannot do it —

Court. How, Sir.

Tag. My Love and Duty to you, Wife. [Drinks.

Court. Very well, is not this better than quarrelling, and now we are all Friends you may take another Glass, and go Home, your Wife shall follow you presently.

Tag. How, Sir, my Wife follow me, I say, she shall go along with me.

Court. What are you troublesome again, I find you'll oblige us to use you scurvily, — what, ho, Landlord —

Enter Landlord.

Land. Coming, coming, Sir, What is it you want, Gentlemen.

Court. Want! Why to know what you mean by suffering such a Rascal to come into your House, as this Fidler here, because we did not like his Musick and bid him be gone about his Business, he abus'd the whole Company.

B

Land.

Land. Gentlemen I hope you won't take it ill of me, for these Fiddlers are the most impudent Fellows in the Nation; but if you please, I'll call up half a Dozen of my Servants, and they shall duck him in the great Cistern.

Tag. Did ever any body hear such an old Pewter-pot? Adsbodlikins, I wish all the Buts in his Cistern were in the Guts of him, there's room enough I'm sure, the I warrant that Barrel-belly'd Fellow has swallowed as much Claret in his Life as wou'd swim a welsh Horse.

Court. No, no, use no unlawful means, Landlord.

Land. Let me alone, Sir, — heark'ye, old Rozen and Cats-gut, if you don't get out of my House —

Tag. Sir, I'll not stir one Foot, 'till I have my Wife with me.

Court. Come, Ladies, we'll retire, leave him to the management of my Landlord.

[All go but Tagg and Landlord.]

Land. What Wife, you scraping Rascal, — Oons, don't provoke me, I cannot talk, it waiteth my Constitution, therefore do not anger me, lest I dounce my agaliff in your Chops, and leave thee not a Tooth in thy wit Head to chew with — oh, how my Blood boils at this Rascal.

Tag. Thy Blood boil, ay, and thy Flesh too, it may very well, I'm sure in its own Liquor — he sweats like a Hogshed of Tallow in July.

Land. What abuse me in my own House, out you Fiddling Rascal. [Beats him out] A villanous Rogue, I'll make my House a Bawdy House, oh! what a Heat the fast Rogue has put me in, I am all over of a Dew.

[Exit puffing.]

[Aminadab creeps from under the Table, drinks a Glass of Wine and runs off.]

[Exit.] Is the Coast clear, Brush off.

SCENE

of Half an Hour.

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SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Tagg and Aminadab.

Tag. A Pox on thee, Aminadab, this was one of
thy lucky Thoughts, here we might have been de-
stroy'd by that mighty Cannibal, that fiery-faced
Fellow if he had fall'n upon us, would have crush'd
us into Mummy: [Bullies sing without.] So who be-
lieve these coming this way?

Amin. As I live, Sir, a Company of Drunken Bul-
lies; if they see us they'll take us for Musicians, so
they'll make us play about the Streets to em all Night, and
if we refuse, break our Bones, and our Fiddles into
pieces—the bargain.

Tag. Let us turn back then.

Amin. No, Sir, I have a lucky Thought come into
my Head, how we may avoid 'em.

Tag. A Pox on thy lucky Thoughts, we never
shall have good Fortune when thou begin'st to contrive.

Amin. Pray, Sir, try me but this once, and if you
don't say this is a lucky Thought I'll never Plot
with you again,——come, Sir, kneel down against this Wall
with me, now let us lay our Hands upon the Ground,
so they'll take us for a Bench, and pass by us quietly:

——Here they come.

They lye down, with their Back-sides close to each
other in the Figure of a Bench.

Enter Two Bullies cross the Stage singing, then Enter a
Third and stumbles against Tagg.

Bull. Jack, Jack, what a Fox makes you walk so
fast?

Tag. Oons the Son of Whore has trod upon my
Fingers.

Bull. What the Devil is this, a Bench stands in the
way to break People's Shins. [Strikes

Tagg over the Back, and Exit singing.

Tag. A Plague on him, he has broke my Back, I
believe——Aminadab.

Amin

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Amin. Sir ——— Indeed Sir, I thought it would have prov'd for the best, ——— but who comes here?

Tag. My Wife, and her Gallant, as I am a married Man, I know her Voice. [*Enter Courtal, and Mrs Tagg.*]

Amin. Then, Sir, it may prove for the best still, for if we continue in this Posture you may over-hear their Discourse.

Mrs. Tag. Pray Mr. Courtal, leave me here, I have stay not far home; and shall go safe enough.

Court. Madam, you must give me leave to wait on you quite home.

Mrs. Tag. Mr. Courtal I shall be angry with you, if you disobey me; you know my Husband's Temper, how Jealous he is upon the least occasion.

Court. Hang him, a senseless, half witted Rascal, he deserves to be Cuckolded for using you so ill.

Tag. Here's a Son of a Whore.

Mrs. Tag. Well, Sir, I must take my Leave of you.

Court. You'll give me leave to speak Two or Three Words to you first, here's a Bench let us sit.

Mrs. Tag. Mr. Courtal don't pull me so, for I won't sit down.

Court. Upon my Word Madam but you shall.

Mrs. Tag. Upon my Word Captain, but I won't.

Court. By ——— this Kiss but you shall. [*He forces her to sit down on her Husband's Back, and he sits on Aminidab's.*]

Tag. Hey day, here's a pretty Sight now! what's to be done next I tro? — Gad I would give a Shilling if I had but a Looking-glass and a Candle, to see what sort of a Figure I make — Gads me, kissing again, faith I'd fain know what this will come to.

Amin. Lie still a little while, Master, and 'tis Fity to one but you do.

Mrs. Tag. Eye Captain, how if any body should see us.

Court. That Madam is a needless Fear; 'tis late, and the

shops are all shut up, and 'tis impossible for any
body to see or hear us.

Mrs. Tag. Mr. Courtal, I will go home, therefore
don't hold me.

Court. You shall promise then to let me see you to-
morrow Night.

Mrs. Tag. If my Husband goes to Highgate to-mor-
row you shall; for I will fain my self sick on purpose
to stay at home, and we'll have the Fiddles, and be as
 merry as possible.

Amin. I am afraid the Sins of my Mistress will lye
 heavy upon my Master's Back.

Tag. So, so, here will be fine Work by and by—
per, what a Story will this be to tell, of a Woman
 who made an Assignment upon her Husband's Back—
 he discover my self, now am I sure that devilish Fel-
 low won't cut my Throat? this is a very dark Place—
 what shall I do? my Back is almost broke too—mercy
 on me, was ever poor Man so Wife-ridden.

Amin. Never poor Afs was so laden as I am.

Tag. Adsodlikins, I'll make a horrible Groan and
 it may be that will frighten 'em away. [Groans.

Mrs. Tag. Ah, ah, ah.

Court. Don't be frighted, Madam. [Exeunt

Mrs. Tagg, and Courtal.

Tag. The Devil frighten you both I say, for you
 and he crippled me I'm sure—well, if ever I get home
 again, I'll make an Oath never to watch my Wife
 at's re, let her do what she will, go where she will, with-
 out my Will; for I find she will have her Will, let
 her say or do what I will. [Exeunt.

SCENE Changes to a Chamber.

Enter Courtal, and Mrs. Tagg.

Mrs. Tag. Captain, I am extremely oblig'd to you
 for bringing me home, but must beg you to leave me in-
 private, for fear my Husband shou'd come in, and see
 me here, I expect him every Minute.

Court. Madam, I must obey you, tho' much against my Will—

Enter Mr. Tagg.

Death what have We here?

Mrs. Tag. My Husband!

Tag. As sure as thou art alive— Ay, thou art a Cockatrice thou second Eve, more deceitful than the first— what canst thou say in thy Defence?

Mrs. Tag. Why— why— why— nothing, Sir.

Tag. That's a very good Excuse indeed.

Mrs. Tag. But thus upon my Knees, I implore your Pardon, which if you grant, will win more upon me than the greatest Punishment you can inflict; I never will offend you so again— how can you see the Tears, and look so unkind upon me

Tag. Tell me, dost not thou expect, that (Lord bless us) I should commit some horrible great Murder?

Mrs. Tag. Ye— ye— yes but I hope you will have more Compa— pa— pa— passion on a poor Repe— pe— pening Woman, that acknowledges her Faults, and humbly implores your Pardon— do dear Husband forgive me; do my Dear Tim— mo— mo— mo— mothy—

Tag. Speak, have you not— hum— that is— am I not forked at both ends?

Mrs. Tag. No, indeed— indeed— will you forgive me— do— how can you look on these Eyes, and not relent?

Tag. Get up, and never do so again, as you do to my Displeasure— but now tell me what brought this Gentleman home with you for?

Mrs. Tag. Why, Sir, it was late and the Gentleman would see me part of the way home— but I had pen'd to be frighted by the way— so he would wait on me quite home— and

Tag. Is this true, Sir?

Court. Yes, Sir, and I think you ought to give me thanks for taking so much care of your Wife.

Tag. O, Sir, I am very sensible of my Obligations,

Court. Blood, Sir, you use me with ill Manners, and do not like a Gentleman, therefore as you are an Officer you require Satisfaction, and expect to see you to morrow at ten Morning behind Montague House, with your sword in your Hand.

Tag. See, fee, *Aminadab*,

O Cockatrice !

cockatrice ! I married thee out of the Country, but
e you have learnt the City Fashions already : My
on hairs are all turn'd into Horns, and my Head will be
ne for nothing but Men to hang their Hats upon.

[Exit.

Mrs. Tag. So farewell Husband—— after this
rd bl of Jealousy comes an Interval of Fondness, and
er? hus the Time runs round. Oh, Matrimony, Matri-
ill hony! thou art a Blessed thing!—— Let me give
— po his Advice to my Sex, —— Marry not in haste,
wledr she that takes the bait of Husbands, puts on a
— golden Fetter; if you marry a Courtier, he'll have a
— mo Dozen of Mistresses at least, and repent his Marriage
[Cry] within Four and Twenty Hours at most—— If a
— lawyer, the Spruceness of his Clark will bring into
h enduspicion the Carriage of his Wife—— And if you
ve marry a Citizen—— 'Tis Forty to one but you have a
and buckled to your Husband——

But Husbands, like painted Fruit, do promise much,
But still deceives us when we come to touch.

A Husband is the greatest human Ill,
She's married best——that's wedded to her Will.

wait on the quiet home—and
pend to be frightened by the way—to be won-
would let me part of the way home—but I had
Mrs. Jay. Way, but it was late and the children

F I N I S.

T H E
Growth of Cuckoldom.

S O N G.

I Find I am a Cuckold,
I care not who doth know it,
It is my doom, therefore welcome,
I mean to undergo it.
Which makes me sing, Come along, &c.
All you that deride or scorn,
The proudest he, whoe'er he be,
Perchance will wear the Horn.

The Parson of our Parish,
That no Man thinks polluted,
Along with me for Company,
He Kindly goes Cornuted.
Which makes me sing, &c.

It is a darksome passion,
And yet there is no fear on't,
Like an ague Fit they come by it.
Few Gentlemen are clear on't.
Which makes me sing, come along, &c.

The Growth of Cuckoldom.

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in thousand in this Kingdom,
Are Subject to this Branding,
'Squires and Knights, and City Wights,
For want of Understanding.
Which, &c.

The best Jest that ever I heard,
One swore his Wife was Constant,
When behind the Screen, and a Door between,
He was Cuckold in an Instant.
Which, &c.

Westminster in Term time.
When all the Lawyers Musters,
The Bucks in May you may see them play,
With their Velvet Shooes in Clusters.
Which, &c.

When you walk the Town of London,
Where the Flat-caps call Men Cousin,
You look about my Masters out,
You'll find Thirteen to the Dozen.
Which makes me sing, Come along, come along,
All you that deride or scorn,
The proudest he who e'er he be,
Perchance will wear the Horn.



FINIS.

The Crown of England

the King's Majesty's Letters
under the Great Seal of Great Britain
bearing in the said Letters
the words 'We do hereby' and 'in full power'

of the said Majesty's Letters
bearing in the said Letters
the words 'We do hereby' and 'in full power'

Testimonies in Terms
from all the Learned Masters
Doctors in Law and in the
with their Names Shown in the

to make the Town of London
the said Letters and the
to be made by the said
and the said Letters to the
Christianity, Come along come along
All you that be of the
provided he who ever be
providence will wear the crown



FINIS